



Where Is She



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Chapter 1 by Lance Felix

She was supposed to be back hours ago.

Chapter 2 by KorruptJustice



Or was she? It was getting harder and harder to remember. Little details didn't seem important anymore. Like her name. I was almost positive it was Melissa...but sometimes I thought it was Kari. Doesn't matter, I suppose. She'll be back soon. I hope.

Chapter 3 by intellikat



Being a cat was... well, you had to depend on human beings for EVERYTHING.

Chapter 4 by VoxxyBRZ



What with the opposable thumbs and all...if not for those, or should i ever have my own on these little mittens of mine, I'd never have to depend on humans for anything. If one failed me for some self-centered, divulgences I were to seek out I'd only have to move on to the next human. The real trick is to see which human has a scrunched up face, whiney little lovey dovey baby voice and arms outstretched as if every four legged animal was a cuddly little teddy bear.

Chapter 5 by VoxxyBRZ



I figure I'll give her until tomorrow to finally get back and become useful once more. If not, well, there are many paths in which I can...

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rolls in. All the while I'll work on all the ways I'll rebel for her tardiness. Oh yes, I have some plans to ensure this doesn't happen again, and I won't sleep, nap or even rest my eyes until that scooter is within range.

Thunk...

Clang

Thump

With a start, I rocketed off my bed and tried to regain the non-chalantance I was determined to portray before I, well, begrudgingly admit, fell asleep.

Returning to my cool composure that defines my persona, I peek out to see the scruch face girl pacing and dialing into her phone.

She doesn't look happy, and if I had to guess, I'd say she was even scared. At least she appeared to be freaking out and paranoid...

What could she have done now?

Chapter 6 by Shivangi Singh



"Monica?" she finally cried into the phone. "You need to come at my place RIGHT NOW". She placed special emphasis on the last two words, almost as if her life depended on them. She looked scared beyond all measures and nearly out of her wits, so much so that she didn't as much as throw a glance at me.

Minutes later the doorbell rang and Monica, her best friend since kindergarten was ushered in. Monica was a drunken hot mess - a nightmare for parents, and not the kind of girl who should be put in charge of handling emergencies. But there she was nonetheless.

"I haven't had my period in over a month," hissed Melissa, or Keri.

Monica laughed, her eyes still high from shots of tequila administered a few hours ago.

"It is not funny bitch."

"It isn't," Monica managed finally through her giggles. "I'm going to be an aunt. Aunt Monica. Holy shit!"

"Shut UP!"

Monica had seated herself on the living room's couch by now. "What do you want me for?" Keri sighed. "I can't do this right now." A voice was heard from upstairs.

"Do what right now, Melissa?" Monica asked like she had been shot in the heart, while Monica proceeded to laugh her head off.

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